

REMINISCENCES
OF THE
REV. PETER JONES,
BY
JONATHAN SCOTT.

SING the scenes of wood and dale,—
Tell the bliss by Grace inspired!
Forest-men, now Christians, hail,—
Long by Christian hearts desired!

War-whoop silenced in the plain,
Praises loud for war-whoops heard;
Where in blood were seen the slain,
Love prevails, by hate unstirred.

Rites, debasing once, are o'er,
And the devotees forgiven;
INDIANS our God adore,—
Wigwam is the gate of heaven!

Sing the Bible's holy light;
Sing the Saviour from above;
Sing the Spirit's saving might;
Sing the Triune God of Love!

Churches have the wanderers sought,
With philanthropy possessed;
Nature's worshippers been taught,
Abject Tribes of Red Men blessed.

Honour to prompt Wesleyan zeal—
Special, signal, liberal, pure,—
Bearing, in all lands, God's seal,
Faithful servants to assure.

CASE, our Barnabas and guide;
TERRY, fervent in desire;
CRAWFORD, laying self aside;
SUNDAY, with a soul of fire:—
These, thank God, and many more,
Our Evangelists became;
Found the lost on many a shore,
Published Jesu's gracious Name!
When this work had just began,
And the wilderness was rife
With the sins of savage man,
Idols, revels, scalping-knife,—
Came a voice to PETER's heart,
With persuasives from on high;
Then he set himself apart,
Vowed for Christ to live and die.
The good CASE rejoiced aloud
When this triumph was achieved:—
Now, by Indians pagan, proud,
Would the Gospel be received!
From that moment to life's close
PETER's powers were sanctified;
Toils complete, in glad repose,
Confident in Christ he died.
His was mind of vigorous mould;
His were judgment, prudence, taste;
Man's salvation made him bold;
Gave his footsteps beauty, haste.
Hallowed sympathies were thine,—
Charity, mankind to bless,—
Uction, pentecosts divine,—
Whitfield of our wilderness!
Oft, with faith and love endowed,
Labourers by thee were led;
Haughty man by Christ was bowed,
While from tribe to tribe they sped.

The atoning Blood was sung,—
 Universal Love was preached;
 On their lips strange weepers hung,
 Superstitious hearts were reached.

Friends exulted at the sight;
 Enemies were in dismay:
 There was mercy, there was might,—
 Triumphs won from day to day!

INDIAN SETTLEMENTS appeared—
 Church and School-House, farm and cot;
 The Great Spirit is revered,—
 Happy is the Red Man's lot!

I should fail in words to say
 What my Friend was known at home,
 Where—some weary weeks away—
 From a rugged tour he'd come:—

Greetings met him everywhere,
 Cheering in his best employ;—
 Warmest greetings met him *there*—
 Home of peace, affection, joy!

May the Sons, in youth and age,
 Wisely fear their Mother's God,—
 Generous deeds their thoughts engage,
 In the path their Father trod!

Chieftain of a noble race,—
 Race with touching interests fraught;
 Let no hand the work deface,
 KAH-KE-WA-QUON-Ā-BY wrought!

Prince of Native Labourers thou;
 First by Wesleyan Church ordained;
 Native Converts, labouring now,
 Have thy well-done work maintained!

Bribes and threats could never shake
 Principles of right and truth;
 Never did thy steps forsake
 Church preferred in happy youth.

JONES, beloved, thy modest name
Lips repeat with emphasis;
Britain, States, have heard thy fame,—
CANADA thy birth-place is.

Meek thy manly form and mien,
When thy Sovereign welcomed thee:
Then the patriot was seen,
Gratitude and loyalty.

This was like thee, Indian's Friend;
But thy pulpit, platform tones
Won results which ne'er shall end,
Where thy Master service owns.

Truth Inspired—thy highest theme—
Thy Translations gave thy race:
In thy Writings Christ's supreme,—
Marvels of transforming grace.

Christian—of unsullied hands,
Preacher—with a Gospel creed,
Messenger—to distant bands,
Succourer—of souls in need!—

Brainerd's *Kaumtmeck* arose;
Shaw's loved *Lilly Fount* was glad;
Greenland *Heruhuths* smile in snows,—
Villages with glory clad!

PIONEER! Thy tours are past,—
Thou hast planted *Credits* here;
Indian hearts, with joys that last,
Bless thee in a holier sphere.

God of Mercy! Thee we praise;
Thou hast lightened human woes:—
Every prostrate people raise;
Deserts blossom as the rose!

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